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THE SKEPTIC.

———The owlet Atheism,
Sailing on obscene wings athwart the noon,
Drops his blue-fringed lids, and holds them close,
And hooting at the glorious sun in heaven,
Cries out, "Where is it?"

Coleridge.

It was a cold, blustering, autumnal afternoon. The sky was covered with a heavy mantle of clouds, and the sun, shorn of his beams by the surrounding gloom, was sinking into the west, a huge ball of lurid fire. The wind sighed through the branches of the leafless trees, as if mourning with nature the decay of her beauty. The whole scene was sad and mournful; it was one of those which press down with a leaden hand the soul of man, and murder in their infancy all joyous emotions. It was a striking picture of the desolation of a heart uncheered by the light of religion—a fit emblem of him who was now to be laid in the tomb.

Few followed the coffin of the suicide, as it was carried to its lonely grave; for he was one against whom the hearts of all were barred, as were the gates of the consecrated burial-yard against his mortal remains. A few, however, did follow the corpse; sorrowing without comfort, not because the living was numbered with the dead, but because his own rashness, his own infidelity had sealed his

doom. The father came,—not in the steadiness of manly sorrow, but tottering under the torture of despair, and shedding scalding tears, which might almost be said to leave on his blanched cheek, seared marks of his unending grief. The brothers followed, and over their weeping faces crept the blush of shame, that they were the relatives of the disbeliever. The mother was not there. Maternal solicitude could not wait for the last horrid deed. The consciousness that her son, her first-born, the boy she had borne in sorrow, and nursed in his weakness, the child who had slept on her bosom, knew no God, had already laid her beneath the cold sod of the valley. But one was there, whose affection and misery surpassed even that of a mother. One, who, too wretched to die, came to perform the last act of woman's love, which deserts not even the worthless and wicked at the grave. No tear fell upon her cheek, no convulsive shudder shook her frame. Pale and wan, despair had hardened her features to marble. As they stood around the narrow pit, she would have been a statue but for the wildness of her dark eye, which flew from the countenances of the bystanders to the bier, and told, in its flashes, of reason driven from her throne. The earth fell upon the coffin, and they all departed, without one ray of consolation. The maniac went away also, and the grave was left for the night wind to howl over.

He whose remains were thus interred had lived but a little time; yet that little was crowded with virtue, and sorrow, and vice. More evil had grown out of his short existence, than many a longer life had ever witnessed. The tale is melancholy, but may not be without its profitableness.

With much personal beauty, Frederick Oldenbert possessed a remarkable mind, and one glance at his pale but expressive countenance showed him different from all others. To an enthusiasm which sometimes approached to madness, was added unshaken firmness, and perfect independence, whenever openly opposed; but he was easily governed by any unseen power. Yet his understanding was strong, and his perception quick, so that the mind which would influence him must have studied human nature deeply. His boyhood gave evidence of these characteristics; as he grew in years they were more and more developed, and new traits appeared. It was his lot to possess a superstitious temperament,

and to have, incongruous as it may seem, the seeds of skepticism within him. Perfect freedom from temptation, and a sincere, single-hearted attachment to one as pure in mind as she was lovely in person, had thus far in life preserved him from being injured by his singular disposition and feelings. But this course was not to continue, and a change in his circumstances and situation produced a lamentable change in his character.

When he reached his eighteenth year, with his mind unmatured, his passions unrestrained, he left his native land to finish his education in Germany. To visit that land had always been the desire of his soul. There he thought he should be able to satisfy his love of romance, and find those who would sympathize in his enthusiasm. He had eagerly devoured all the horrid and supernatural tales, which the genius of that country has produced; and nothing chimed in so well with his disposition, as the romantic, poetical and skeptical nature of the German students.

On his arrival he hired apartments and joined one of the most popular universities. Soon becoming acquainted with numbers of his fellow students, he chose the society of those who exhibited the feelings he so much admired. He would sit for hours and listen to the wild tales, the thrilling legends of his new friends; and his whole soul became wrapped in that peculiar taste which to a degree pervades this nation. As he became more and more acquainted with its language, he gave himself up to the most bold and terrible parts of its literature. He resigned himself to those daring, but unhealthy and scorching minds, which have brought forth pages covered with dark and mysterious speculations, or clouded and dismal tales, instead of pure and instructive volumes. At home, if he had not acted in accordance with the dictates of religious feeling, he had always reverenced the faith of his fathers; but now this reverence was fast fading away, and the volume of sacred truths remained ever unopened. Thus did Oldenbert pass several months, acquiring the worst of those sentiments, feelings and peculiarities, which distinguished many of his new companions.

The day dreams of Frederick would lie down with him and haunt his sleep. Scarcely a night passed, that, waking from his thick coming and torturing fancies, he did not rise

and endeavour to ease his mind by strolling through the city. The deep stillness of midnight seemed to quiet his restless spirit, as he wandered about, recalling the scenes of former days. In one of his rambles he found himself opposite to an old church, just as the deep-toned clock rung the hour of twelve. It was a night over which sublimity seemed to preside. The moon was drifting through her sea of blue like a noble ship, and softened in her course the rough features of earth into a smile, as the affection of woman melts the sternness of man into a kindred feeling. The solemn, warning voice of the bell died away, and silence resumed her reign. Finding the door of the cathedral open, Oldenbert entered almost unconsciously. The moon beams, through the Gothic windows, played around the marble statues, and seemed to substitute a reality for the pictured light of glory which surrounded the altar piece. Thinking himself alone, he walked up the tesselated pavement, and leaned, lost in a deep reverie, against a pillar. He was soon aroused by a tap on the shoulder, and accosted by a tall figure wrapped in a dark cloak. "How now, Oldenbert!" exclaimed the stranger, "what are you here for at this hour? come you to bow before yon daub like other trembling fools? or has the moon with her magic light beguiled you from your couch?" As he ceased speaking, the muffled cloak dropped from his face, and Frederick shuddered when he beheld the countenance of Faustendorff, a fellow-student. "I know not what brought me hither; but perhaps the impulse which led you may be more definable," answered Oldenbert. "I come," said the student, with a laugh, "I come to see how the temple of deluded man looks by moonlight." The tone and look of the speaker were almost withering. His face wore the ghastly paleness of death, and his dark, fiery eyes seemed to sparkle with unearthly light, from beneath his long, thick eye-brows; while his hoarse, deep tones echoed through the church, like a voice from the charnel-house. "What is the matter, man;" he continued, after a pause, "you shiver like a boy whom darkness has overtaken on his way from market, and who sees a spectre in every bramble bush. Surely *you* have more mind and soul than to give way to the forms and farces of the world. Surely the mummeries of religion cannot impose upon *you*. Or if you fear that these statues will

start from their pedestals and strangle you, come to my chambers and warm your skin with Burgundy." Thus saying, he led the way, and his companion, as if he had lost all power over himself, silently followed.

The student who thus met Oldenbert had been at the university nearly two years. He was a mysterious being. No one knew from whence he came. He was noted for his infidelity, and the unfeeling sarcasm with which he derided all religion. He seemed to have a determined hatred of all that was good or lovely; and his stories at their nightly meetings were always the most terrible and blasphemous. Frederick had met him in company, and felt himself drawn towards him by a horrid and unnatural attraction.

They soon arrived at the chambers. "There," said Faustendorff, pointing to a death's head, carved on the goblet, as they seated themselves for the debauch, "there is the only divinity I worship,—Death, the eternal sleep of the grave, the crumbling away to senseless dust, to utter nothingness, is all I regard as omnipotent." Infidelity like this would seem enough to rack the strongest mind. But Frederick appeared to have lost the common feelings of man. It seemed as if, breathing the same air, he had inhaled the demoniac spirit of his fiend-like friend, and an "amen" burst from his lips, as Faustendorff ended his exclamation. They sat long over their wine. Innumerable tales of horror and impiety were told and listened to with savage delight; and from that hour Oldenbert became an infidel.

This horrible connexion grew stronger and stronger. The cold reasonings and taunting scoffs of the student, broke down, one after another, the good feelings and virtuous principles of Oldenbert, until their characters became so alike that one was but the fac-simile of the other. It was their delight to mar, with their licentious philosophy, the fairest pages in the book of nature; to introduce some damned spectre of their own creation into the brightest pictures of life. They arrayed themselves against all that was lovely, and under the most fascinating guise, went about destroying virtue and happiness, however beautiful the shrines which enclosed them. I cannot, neither would I if I could, tell of all their wickedness, degradation and hypocrisy. I will hasten to the last scenes of the infidels' life and leave them to the fate their depraved hearts courted.

There was, at this time, at the University the only descendant of a noble family. The young Baron Eldsdorff inherited all the lofty and chivalric character of his ancestors; but a melancholy, arising from the altered fortunes of his house, kept him silent and retired. He seldom visited his fellow students; but when he did, the gentleness and noble sentiments he exhibited won for him universal esteem. In his person he was tall and finely formed. His countenance was exceedingly fair; and his golden locks played around his high white forehead, like the rays of a setting sun around a snow drift. The young nobleman cherished a devoted affection for one who was lovely and innocent; uniting to all the delicacy of her sex, a mind capable of sympathizing with the high-souled nature of her lover. Against this fair being Faustendorff and Oldenbert aimed their fell machinations. They were using all their arts to destroy her peace, and straining every power, to substitute a sullied lily for the rose the Baron so fondly cherished, when he discovered their designs. Burning with a holy indignation, he challenged Frederick; who gladly accepted the call, as it gave him an opportunity for ridding himself of one obstacle to his wishes.

The place of meeting was a deep and narrow dell. The black cliffs which overhung it; the dark company of trees which crowded around; and the stagnant pool which laid like waters of bitterness, gave to it a gloomy and terrific aspect, and fitted it well for an accursed murder. At the appointed time both parties were present. The Baron was alone, but Oldenbert came attended by his evil genius. Faustendorff, to add horror to the scene, had dug a grave and placed a coffin beside it. Dark masses of clouds were rolling up, in awful grandeur, from the west, as if to frown upon the scene; and the deep rumbling of the thunder reverberated among the hills, like the angry and warning voice of outraged heaven; whilst the forked lightning darted its fire incessantly into the dell. Such an accumulation of horrors would have terrified the firmest soul; but there is no courage like that which is called forth to revenge insults offered to the idol of the heart. Eldsdorff stood firm. A deadly paleness overspread his countenance, but the flashes of his eye showed it to be any thing but an index of fear. Not a word was spoken. Faustendorff, with a grin of mal-

ice on his features, marked out the ground. The combatants took their places, the word was given, and they fired. Oldenbert remained unharmed. "Oh my God, poor Heloise!" murmured the Count, as he reeled and fell dead at the feet of his adversary. A dark smile of triumph passed between the unnatural friends, as they calmly proceeded to bury the body.

The storm came nearer and nearer; the thunder rolled louder and louder; the lightning flashed more and more vivid; when, just as Faustendorff was throwing the first shovel-full of gravel on the coffin, there came a long, blue darting flash, followed by a crash that seemed

"As if the ribs of nature broke."

When Oldenbert dropt his hand from his eyes, which were almost blinded, he saw his companion, a blackened corse, stretched in the grave.

Within a few days Frederick was on his voyage homeward. The uniformity and comparative solitude, which succeeded, produced a reaction on his mind. His delusions faded away one by one, and disclosed the monster within his bosom. All the false drapery and gorgeous speculations which he had wrapt around his philosophy, had vanished. The lips that had whispered cutting sarcasms and demoniac doctrines into his ears, were scorched to ashes by the avenging fires of heaven. He found himself loaded with sins, without support—without consolation,—with a moral vulture preying upon his heart. His soul had lost its intoxicating excitement, and lay paralyzed, gazing on the horrid fiend of her own creation—her own idol. Having no sympathy with his fellow men, he sought to drown all thought in the inebriating cup; and when he reached his native village, he was a loathsome image of intemperance and infidelity. Sometimes, in a lucid moment, he would brood deeply on self-murder. But he had not yet been able wholly to shut out the fear of the future. He had only barred his heart against it for a time, and now it again found entrance, and he dared not trust to death for freedom.

The fame of his misdeeds had gone before Oldenbert, and when he arrived at his native village, distracted by his deep draughts of wine, his guilt, and the thousand recollections which crowded around his heart, he saw hate painted on every countenance. He passed by the church-yard, and the

grave of his mother met his view. He reached his home, and saw his father ready to lie down in sorrow by her side. His brothers avoided him, his friends had forgotten him; while the sight of him, the abandoned, outcast one, was all that was wanting to lay waste the intellect of the maiden who had loved him with her whole soul. There was no peace, no comfort, no joy for him. He could not live, he could not even endure existence. He wandered about for a few days in misery, when one morning the report of a pistol was heard in his room,—and Frederick Oldenbert was no more. In his bible, presented by his mother, when he enjoyed the innocency of childhood, were found the following lines.

"Driven on by destiny, self-murder must close the catalogue of my sins. Before this is read, I shall be no more. What am I that I should live? An outcast, going about like the wandering Jew, with the burning cross stamped upon my brow. I am a second Judas. If there be a God—I have known no God.——But what comes after death? No matter. Let this bible, never opened by me, be given to her who has been as constant to me as I have been false to all.

F. O."

One beautiful summer's evening, nearly a year from the funeral of Frederick, the maniac was seen to go up the little hill on whose summit he was buried. When her friends, from whom she had wandered, came to the spot, they found her clasping the cold marble with the unrelaxing grasp of death. The little bible had fallen from her hand—a smile seemed still to linger on her pale and beautiful countenance—but her soul had winged its way to be at peace for ever!

EXTRACT FROM A VALEDICTORY POEM.

"At length we hail the wished-for day,
To Alma Mater's sons so dear,
And Harvard knows a lighter lay,
Than classic bowers are wont to hear.

But let not mirth like this seem strange,
For youthful hearts delight in change.

What though we bid a long farewell
To all that blessed our college life?
And quit the student's humble cell,
For manhood's cares and manhood's strife;
That age has joys that far outweigh,
The boasted peace of boy-hood's day.

And what though many a hostile snare
Await us on our destined path?
Let malice lurk in ambush there,
Or hatred come with open wrath;
They cannot quench, they cannot harm,
The student's zeal, the patriot's arm.

Trust not the tale which scoffers tell!
That life's best joys are bought and sold;
That love is bound by fortune's spell;
That friendship is the slave of gold;
And charity a jest, a tool,
To lure the unsuspecting fool.

Trust not those misanthropic moles,
Who scoff at what they cannot see;
Who call the sweet exchange of souls,
A fairy dream of minstrelsy,
And all that bards so fondly praise,
The names of things of other days.

'Tis false! This world, though time and art
Have changed it, has not yet grown cold;
Each pure emotion of the heart,
Each noble virtue praised of old,
Unchanged by art, unscathed by time,
Is fresh as in its natal prime.

Then, while we linger on thy strand,
Welcome, thou glorious sea of life!
Another bark, another band
Prepare to meet thy billows' strife:

And hearts that panted to be free,
Are ripe for liberty and thee.

Then out upon the mighty deep!
To brave whate'er may be thy lot;
Serenely now thy billows sleep,
And yet, false sea, I trust thee not,
There's a deep meaning in thy smile
That bids the heart beware of guile.

Soon! soon! our vessel may be tost
A wreck upon yon waste of waves;
Our canvass rent, our compass lost,
A plank between us and our graves,
A boundless sea behind, before us,
And the wild tempest gathering o'er us!

Say, mariner, wilt thou then despair?
When fortune frowns, and succour fails,
Or idly wait till gales more fair
Shall re-expand thy flagging sails?
No! struggle on! and, come what will,
Be each one his own pilot still!

Trust not thy fate to stranger-hands!
Nor hope to see with others' eyes;
But steer thyself through rocks and sands;
And still, though tempests round thee rise,
Though breakers roar and seas o'erwhelm,
Keep thine own hand upon the helm!

Then shalt thou hail the wished for port,
And pluck the laurel wreath of fame;
And though thy triumph here be short,
Ages shall glorify thy name;
Who would not toil, endure, and bleed,
To win or die for such a meed?

NEW ENGLAND ROMANCE.

Hail to the land whereon we tread,
Our fondest boast;
The sepulchre of mighty dead.
Percival.

It has been said by a man of genius, that no power of association can connect the ideas of horror and a cocked hat, and at the first view of the subject it may seem equally impossible to associate the name of Romance with that of New England. Our own names are homespun and commonplace, made for use, not show; and the uncouth titles of our rivers and mountains most obstinately refuse to be "wedded to immortal verse." Our land is proverbially a land of steady habits; and steady habits are any thing but romantic. Our quiet, plodding industry also, and our provident thrift, however gratifying they may be to the patriot or the philosopher, afford but a barren and unprofitable theme to the poet and the novelist, who derive the materials of their creations from the passions that are the fruit of a more glowing sun, and the startling events that grow out of an ill-organized state of society. We maintain, however, that in spite of these apparent drawbacks, there is a vein of romance running through our history, which might be most successfully wrought up by a man of genius.

Our land has been the scene of great changes, physical and moral. The neat village and the cultivated farm have taken the places of the forest and the wigwam; the lordly red man was succeeded by our puritan fathers, the strongly-marked features of whose characters may be traced in their descendants, although the expression is somewhat softened. These almost magical changes were not brought about by a wave of the enchanter's wand; they were effected by the silent operation of natural causes, by exertions of a noble courage and fortitude, and a perseverance, which well deserves the name of heroic. The virtues and qualities of character, which were the growth of our iron-bound shore, were manly, vigorous, it may be repulsive, but they were serviceable and lasting; there is no imperceptible blending of the shades of character; every thing is bold, strongly marked, with distinct outline. With the early settlers, danger was a familiar guest, and ceaseless toil a perpetual attendant;

lands fit for cultivation were to be wrested from the dominion of the wilderness, and the crafty purposes of their wily foes were to be detected and foiled. You could expect but little of that gaiety and cheerfulness of manner, which we consider so engaging, in a man who went to meeting with a sword girded on his thigh, and slept with a loaded musket at his bed side; who, in walking to his neighbour's house, was obliged to look warily about him, lest some grim and swarthy form should start up unawares to dispute his path. There was little attractive in their outward bearing; their staid deportment, their starched ruffles, and the solemnity and quaintness of their most familiar speech, would ill befit the pages of a novel; but when the hour of action was nigh, when the approach of peril aroused their energies, they displayed a firmness of purpose, and a promptness and energy of execution, more truly admirable than all the showy qualities of Bayard or Du Guesclin. There are some narratives in Hubbard's Indian Wars, told in plain simple words, but, as Sir Philip Sidney said of the ballad of Chevy Chase, "they stir the blood like the sound of a trumpet." There is a deep, quiet pathos also, about the tales of Indian captivity, infinitely more affecting than the most eloquent description of imaginary sorrows. When we read of the wonderful firmness of men, and even of feeble women and children under sufferings whose horrible reality exceeds all the imagination had ever conceived of before, bearing up against hunger and cold, sickness and fatigue, wounds and death, sustained by a strong religious trust, we need not hesitate to say, that these unambitious narratives contain a true romance, which the most pathetic fiction cannot boast of. In the encounters with the natives there was none of that "pomp and circumstance, which makes ambition virtue," no "neighing steed," no "shrill trump," no banner, whose flap is music, no whirlwind shock, no "earthquake voice of victory;" the husband and father was roused from his midnight sleep by the wild war-whoop, or the glare of his neighbour's dwelling, and the sobbing of his wife and children was in his ear instead of the stirring sounds of battle. His courage was a strong moral feeling, not a short-lived excitement; it arose from an energy of mind, from an unfainting fortitude, which would have done honor to the bravest of Froissart's heroes. Change the

name of Miles Standish into one which shall become the mouth a little better, add a cubit to his stature, let him speak in blank verse, dress him in a steel gorget, and put a plumed casque on his head, and you will have a perfect "preux chevalier," a beau ideal of a hero, which would have satisfied even the fastidious taste of Cardinal De Retz. Let any one of the grey-haired patriarchs on the other side of the Alleganies, deliver "a round unvarnished tale" of his life and adventures, from the time when he took up his march for the wilderness with his axe on his shoulder, till the present hour, and we shall have a real romance, which, for interest of event, and display of character, shall excel any fancied train of events, however fruitful be the imagination which produced them.

We hope that our gentle readers will not laugh at us when we say that there is something romantic in the legends and traditions about witches. It is true that the beings which were such an abomination in the eyes of Cotton Mather, have none of the poetical dignity of the weird woman of Endor, or of the witches of Macbeth. They are wrinkled old women, in red cloaks; they are not ambitious and aspiring; they do not desolate a province with famine or pestilence, or perplex the minds of kings; their spleen and ill nature vents itself in petty annoyances rather than serious injuries; they put strange fancies into the heads of the domestic animals, and interrupt the labors of the good wife's dairy. The person who has excited their resentment is punished by pinchings and prickings, by sudden blows, by strange pains, by frightful dreams. All this is very amusing to us, but it was a sad reality with our fathers. We can most of us, probably, remember the time when we believed in witches; we ourselves, in our *young* days, did most religiously; and we have been so wrought up by the stories of an old lady of our acquaintance (this "old lady" is a real personage, not an imaginary character introduced for ornament and effect), that the diamond in Saladin's turban would not have tempted us a stone's throw from the door. One hundred years ago, all the men, women, and children in New England believed in witches, as much as little boys do now. Let no man, therefore, despise them; they will be always interesting to the sons of the pilgrims; we shall always have a kind of respect for the poor

old women that frightened so many sensible men, and turned the heads of so many deep scholars.

With all these materials in their power, and living in a country so rich in natural beauty and sublimity, it is time for our men of genius to be up and doing. A great encouragement arises from the fact, that a work of fiction, the scene of which is laid in New England, and in which the characters are such as we might meet with on our own soil, would recommend itself by the powerful attraction of novelty. The world is heartily sick of German forests, Italian castles, dungeons, ghosts, chains, daggers, trap-doors, and all the raw-head and bloody-bones of the Minerva press. So many novels have been written in different languages, that the name of every highway and byway in the land of romance is a familiar sound in our ears. We know every dingle and dell in the green Pyrenees; we could thread, blind-folded, the mazes of the Abruzzi; we should feel perfectly at home on the Hartz mountains, and would doff our hat to the Wild Huntsman with all imaginable coolness. But the beautiful scenery of our own land boasts of no attraction but its own surpassing loveliness. No gifted poet has embalmed in deathless verse the landscapes of New England, though in no part of the world is the picturesque and the sublime more harmoniously blended, and though no brighter sky than ours beholds its image mirrored in the Adriatic wave. No one of our noble streams deserves the beautiful epithet of "fabulosus," and the "wild wreath of freedom" is the only one with which our giant mountains have been crowned. No wizard has arisen among us, whose magic spells can convert with equal ease, the castle of Elsineur, the forest of Ardennes, and the Boar's Head tavern, into classic ground, and make the harsh name of a little lake, or a remote mountain to be as "familiar in our mouths as household words." But we hope that this state of things will not long continue; we hope that the noble scenery of New England will find tuneful admirers, who shall sing its praises in fitting strains, and that the virtues of her children shall be duly commemorated. We hope that our men of genius will ever remember that there is "no place like home;" and that they will no longer delve in the exhausted soil of the old world, but cultivate the vast and fertile tract which lies fallow before them.

NEW ENGLAND PASTORALS.

Cum canerem *Deltas*, et prælia Cynthius aurem
Vellit, et admonuit.

Virgil.

See, Moses Hodge is driving home the cows,
Brisk Jonas leaves the pitchfork in the mows,
While farmer Pool is bringing in his load,
And whistles Golding up along the road;
And Mister Mullikin comes home from town,
Just as old Sol his wagon drives adown.
When in the west his ruddy face was set,
Comfort and Dinthy in the pathway met;
The rival lasses all the village knows,
"The Lily," Dinthy, Comfort was "the Rose;"
Full many a boxing match there was, I ween,
Full many a swain had wrestled on the green,
To prove "the Lily" or "the Rose" the queen.
Comfort, in muckle haste, her pail set down,
As Dinthy passed her with a scornful frown;
While Goody Pool chanced to be passing near,
And heard the damsels with a curious ear.

COMFORT.

Where now so fast, and why so fine, I pray?
Tomorrow, sure, is not Election day!
Miss Dinthy, you mistake; your Sunday clothes?
You'll ne'er win Moses Hodge with all your bows.

DINTHY.

And what care I for Moses? milk your cows;
That's business good enough for Comf. "the Rose;"
"The Rose," forsooth! Moses is mighty blest!
With Jonas let him box, and do his best.

COMFORT.

Last week the village met upon the plain,
Where Moses wrestled singly, or with twain;
Your Jonas sung "enough!" the priest declared,
No wrestler might with Moses be compared.

DINTHY.

To Brighton Cattle-show our farmers went,
And each to gain the ploughing match was bent;
Say, who in my checked apron threw the prize?
'Twas Jonas,—or the village paper lies.

COMFORT.

When Concord dames beheld the butter bright,
In kegs and boxes,—'twas a gleesome sight—
How did they all observe, with wondering eyes,
The batch I made,—and Moses took the prize.

DINTHY.

Last winter, Comfort, when we went to school,
To cheat the master, and to play the fool,
When each for '*spection day* had words by heart,
Who then like Jonas rattled off his part?

COMFORT.

The centre school has far the greatest fame;
Ask all the neighbours, and they'll say the same;
Who then at school with Moses may compare,
Since he can cipher best of any there?

DINTHY.

When to our school, one day, the parson came,
He saw a manuscript, and asked the name;
"For who," said he, "can keep a book so fine?"
Beneath the page was Jonas' name—with mine.

COMFORT.

One day our master asked if any there
Could do a sum in puzzling Trett and Tare,
"If two fat horses draw a load of hay,
How many lean will eat it in a day?"
While stupid numskulls on their slates did pore,
My Moses straight arose and answered "four."

DINTHY.

Pray, Comfort, was it you that took the ride?
O yes, how prim you sat by Moses' side!
Whiz o'er the turnpike! so the neighbours say,
Out Comfort went, and over went the sleigh.

COMFORT.

When Jonas Pool stone ovens built with care,
And in them roasted pippins round and fair,
Behind the wall I dodged with stealthy pace,
Plump struck a well-burnt pippin in your face!
That lily face! it turned as coal black then,
As uncle Mullikin's big turkey hen!

DINTHY.

Once Ebenezer Hodge invited me,
To help his Dolly at an apple bee;
I pared, I trow, full many a russeteen,
Ere one whole paring in my pan was seen;
I rose, and o'er my head thrice swung it round,
It fell, and marked an *I* upon the ground;
And, Comfort, as you know, the masters say,
That *I*, old fashion, is the same as *J*.

COMFORT.

Full many a time my cooking powers I've tried,
And in the hissing fat have dough-nuts fried;
I'd rather Moses kiss this rosy cheek,
Than fry in hissing fat the dough-nuts sleek.

DINTHY.

Well suits it Mister Mullikin to puff
Long nines, and goody Pool delights in snuff;
With pipe well filled, old Thankful Hunks is pleased,
With mug of flip my Jonas' heart is eased;
Long nines, and snuff, and pipe,—I pass them by,
Give me good flip whenever I'm a-dry.

COMFORT.

Pork and potatoes are the rustic's aim,
Good apple-dumplings please the city dame,
Bright yellow pumpkin pies doth Moses love,
Sweet pumpkin pies! all other pies above;
Pork and potatoes ever I'll despise,
Nor dumplings favour find in Comfort's eyes.

GOODY POOL (*coming from the bushes*).

Adone! adone! and end your silly pother,
Your swains are like as puppy to his brother;
Dinthy, march off and change your Sunday clothes,
And take your pail and stool, and milk the cows;
And you, Miss Comfort, with your pail, right soon,
Go home, and put the spinning-wheel in tune.

Exit Comfort one way and Dinthy the other; Goody Pool hobbling off between, keeps an eye on each.

THE COLLEGE.

Fools are my theme, let satire be my song.
Byron.

SURELY there never was a louder call for homilies upon the text "love your enemies;" for it would require an inexhaustible fund of forbearance (did not the ridiculousness of the thing excite contempt), to sit much longer and listen calmly to the direful denunciations of immaculate reformers, and the highminded irony of self-dubbed critics. Poor Harvard is in a terrible pickle. The whole pack of backbiters is unkennelled; and hard riders, mounted on the fire breathing steeds of fanaticism, are leaping the five barred gates of truth and liberality to hunt down the poor thing; whilst a score of Shetland-ponied Solomons are galloping lustily in the rear, so as to be in at the death. Alas! good old Alma Mater, your merry days are soon to be over. The glorious, exterminating army of purifiers are at hand, and not one stone

of thy goodly halls shall be left upon another. O! it will be a lovely sight to see those liberal spirits, who have so long dwelt in thy bowers, scattered before the noble band of self-canonized saints; and thy open fields of charity and learning enclosed by a neat little sectarian hedge.

But to be more serious. It is melancholy to witness the attempts of straightened illiberality and malignant envy, to blacken the reputation of Harvard. Whilst some have measured all her doings by their own intellectual blue-laws; others have bedizened themselves out, with their whole wardrobe of tawdry wit, and endeavoured to turn her into ridicule. They have christened our university a Nazareth, and cry out with hypocritical horror, "Can any good come out of her?" With the miserable partiality of prejudice, they harvest into their charnel-house granaries, the tares and thistles, but leave the wheat to be gleaned by those who are willing to believe that the fruits of our university are yet healthy and nourishing.

All this might be borne, if it was done in the spirit of that love, which chasteneth, that it may perfect. It would answer if we were blamed, not for doing ill, but for not doing better. But such is not the dealing of our foes. Extermination is their war cry, and they fight altogether upon the no-quarter principle. They thus cruelly and unsparingly prune our fair tree, not to invigorate and strengthen it, but to get it under their direction, and then to tear it up and burn it root and branch. They do not wish to see any thing grow and strengthen, which does not grow and strengthen in their own rank precocity and bitterness. But Harvard, thanks to her kind guardians, is as yet too healthy and too wise to be dosed by quacks and mountebanks; and the public is too intelligent and generous to be duped and imposed upon by these "Last Words and Dying Speeches of Harvard College," which have been poured out so plenteously from *some* presses, and *some* mouths for a few years past.

We would not have our kind censors, our frank, open-hearted friends, who look upon our university as the very headquarters of heresy and vice; or who wish greatly by their gentle and polite flagellations to improve us in eloquence; chasten the wit of the Phi Beta Kappa, and, in a word, to give us "beauty for ashes,"—we would not have these

disinterested Mentors think that ingratitude is among our sins. By no means; we feel weighed down, and oppressed by their kind condescension; and we would beseech them to write and declaim on; for we find ourselves growing stronger and stronger, more and more good humored every day, upon their gratuitous lectures. To all these friends, and especially to those western gentlemen, who have treated some of our friends with such overwhelming kindness, warning all men to be ready to give them a proper reception, replete with charity and hospitality,—to them, one and all, we render our most hearty thanks; reminding them at the same time, that we wish for no better trumpet to sound our fame, than the lungs of such gentle, fair, and honorable enemies, as they have proved themselves to be.

But in the midst of our gratitude, we are tempted to pause and inquire of our reformers, whether things are in just such a state as they are inclined to suppose them. Is it really true that Cambridge is the "synagogue of Satan?" We shrewdly suspect that our friends have outrun their cause, as well as their reason. Do we not hear every Sabbath from our pulpits, beautiful and chaste specimens of that eloquence which breathes from the heart? eloquence whose holy fervor and warm devotion flow from the pure lips of christian ministers, who are beyond the reach of wild fanaticism and illiberal inuendoes? Has not the nation heard within a few months, and has she not for many years been hearing her legislative halls tuneful with the bold notes of patriotism and learning, sounded by men of real power? And is there *one* among our great and good men, who is not proud of this literary home of his youth?

We would not play the braggart. But if we refrained from expressing our opinion concerning the scandal which is abroad to prejudice our venerable institution, we should be false to our self-respect, false to those honorable men who are doing so much for our advancement in knowledge. And again we say, pore over the annals of college, ye squeamish reformers, ye cavilling critics, and point to a single act which should call down upon her a single frown from good men and true. She has no eloquence and piety within her walls, you say. Alas, if this be true, New England is poor in goodness and talent. Where did most of those eagle minds, which

have soared so high, and winged the glory of our country to other climes, exert their first infant flight? Where did those pious christians, the mild influence of whose goodness still lingers around, the twilight of their day of virtuous exertion,—where did they catch their first glow of holy fire, if not within her arms? Look to our Adamses, our Hancock, and our Otises; our Mathers, our Thatcher, and our Buckminster; and then declaim about the paucity, the illiberality, the rottenness of old Harvard.

It may be that our zeal and indignation may lead us too far. But we look upon these assassin-like attempts to murder the reputation of our university as little better than the daggers of parricidal ingratitude. But whilst we thus express our sentiments concerning the adversaries of college, let it not be thought that we forget its supporters, and are weak enough to suppose that it is, or ever will be deserted. No! Harvard can number friends far more numerous than her enemies; men of sterling merit, honorable, learned, pious men; capable and willing to support her against all the attacks of malicious scandal. And our thanks are particularly due to that talented gentleman of our transatlantic Athens, who has so nobly and generously stepped forward with the fearlessness of truth, to confound the foul tale of slander.

MOON-GAZERS IN SATURN.

Our poor little earth, as astronomers say,
By one little moon is enlightened,
While the night of the planets a few miles away,
By some half a dozen is brightened.

If this statement be true, as no doubt it must be,
For Sir Telescope says he can show it,
I should like to inquire if he ever could see
Such an animal there as a poet.

"On subject like this, I never could come,
I confess, my dear sir, to conclusion."
Can query so plain, strike Sir Telescope dumb,
Or put the great man to confusion?

If poets on earth have gasped for their breath,
While singing *one* Dian that shines in our heaven,
Can poets in Saturn, Sir Tel, escape death?
Poor souls! they 're obliged to sing unto *seven*.

LYRE OF THE WEST.

Lyre of the West, thy strings are mute,
And silence reigns around thy cell;
No bards arise in all thy land,
To tell the tales thou lov'st so well.

And is there no inspiring theme
To rouse one hand to strike thy string?
Is there no sacred fount or grove
To tempt the wandering bard to sing?

Spirit of our deep waters, come
Upon the rainbow, arching o'er
Thy dread abode; and kindly grant,
Our souls may feel thy sovereign power.

Spirit of our lone mountains, come
From thy far home, the western wild;
And choose but one of all our race,
To be thy own, thy favored child.

Spirit of our great fathers, come,
And one of all their sons inspire;
We ask but for one native bard,
O touch his lips with hallowed fire.

Lyre of the west, awake, no more
In silence let thy numbers rest;
Call from forgetfulness thy sons,
To sing the glories of the West.

AN OLD SUBJECT.

> "If dumb too long the drooping muse hath stayed,
> And left her debt to Addison unpaid,
> Blame not her silence."

Tacitus, the emperor, ordered that the works of his namesake, the historian, should be annually copied, and that ten copies should be deposited in all the public libraries; rightly supposing that, as the vulgar proverb has it, a gude tale is na the waur for being twice tauld. Though we have not the power of the emperor, we profess all his good intentions. These, therefore, must apologize for us, if we have undertaken a superfluous task; that of speaking the praises of Addison.

Addison lived at a time, which has been called the age of poetry and genius; at a time, when an individual must have been truly great, to have been at all distinguished. His claims to distinction as a writer of rare talent, have never been called in question; but it has been insinuated, that his judgment equalled not his wit, that there was a vagueness of expression in all his writings, that baffled investigation, or, if criticised, disappointed expectations that had been excited by the prettiness of his style. It has been said, and written too, that there are no true pictures of nature, or of simple emotion in all his writings.

But who are these cavillers? whence do these charges proceed? From the very source whence we might reasonably expect them. These deprecators of Addison's fame were his envious contemporaries and competitors; and the charges are, for the most part, their own malicious suggestions. Seldom have any of the present day dared, or indeed wished to join in the abuse. Hearing one dispraising Addison, eloquent in good set phrase, and well turned period, reminds us of Æsop's clown, felling the oak with the branch he had borrowed from its trunk. Let him point at the weakness of Addison, who is himself stronger.

It has been observed, that Addison lived in the age of poetry and genius; but the poetry was conceited, the genius as wild and rough, as it was free and luxuriant. By him the style of the former was rendered more tasteful, the latter was prun-

ed and polished, made to partake less of sentiment, and more of sense. Addison knew well the temper of the times; he knew that theses were not in fashion, that homilies were out of date. Those were not the times, when "the good parson thrice might turn the glass!" piety and morality were then taught only of a Sunday. His chief aim, therefore, was to bring more into notice, qualities then but of too slight esteem, to instruct in morals. Conscious that a Cato would hardly have been tolerated, he would have done ill had he affected the Diogenes. He was to present the children in morality with useful lessons under a pictured cover.

Satire was easy to him, and humor was his forte; right well did he employ them both to effect his purpose. Like Voltaire, he was the lord of irony,

> And shaped his weapon with an edge severe;

but not like him

> Sapping a solemn creed with solemn sneer.

The weapons were similar, but handled in a different cause; theirs were antagonist forces of equal power. Addison was celebrated as the Augustan poet and the latinist, on the continent as well as at home, when quite young. From his perfect knowledge of the ancients he derived that aptitude of expression, and that chaste purity of style, so uncommon in those days, that gained him the admiration of the moderns. His travels display the same great talents differently directed. It is a work written by one great scholar, for another great scholar's perusal. The reader is not troubled, as before he was, and as since he has been, with the minute details of a dinner, and 'the bills for ditto,' of sixpences and shillings. It is sufficient to say he is as classic as the ground on which he trod.

Writers who are pleased to be satirical, usually direct their literary thunders, not against individuals, but against an age. In this they are as safe as the actor who threatened to pull the nose of that invisible, indivisible entity—the public. Gratitude deters them from hurling their tiny shafts against the greatness which has kindly afforded to them their modicum of knowledge. Pupils themselves, they seldom so outrage propriety, as to insult the memory of their old masters, now they are gone. Because the great choose at times

to trifle, they are not to lose their great name. It would be unjust to form an opinion of Professor Porson's talents, from having read merely his Madrigal on the Devil. Though Addison trifled, he never did it awkwardly, but was as mindful of time, place, and quantity, as Dr. South himself could have wished. Addison's light pieces are proofs of the powers of the author, as some baubles, of which the work is more valuable than the material, speak well of the ingenuity of the workman.

Addison had, however, a weakness, a disease, that we do not find in the "calamities of authors," or among the ills to which the scholar is exposed. He was modest; we had almost said shamefully modest. It was this (failing, it is now called) that interfered in the way of his advancement; owing to this, his inferiors, who were blessed with that modest assurance, formerly called impudence, left him far behind them. It will not do to charge Addison with weakness. We cannot think it seemly that Steele should thus address a weak, nerveless writer, in hopes of gaining immortality:

> "To my light scenes I once inscribed your name,
> And impotently strove to borrow fame."

A RAINY SATURDAY.

> Pluit tantum,
> Nescio quantum,
> Scisne tu?
>
> *Anonymous.*

Rainy days have sent many rivulets of ink meandering over the fair pages of fools-cap. From Ovid's Deluge, down to our last dreary equinoctial, every series of moist weather has been celebrated or grumbled at in prose or poetry; and thunder-gusts, in particular, have been introduced, to help out some terrible catastrophe, into all the tales and romances which have made their appearance since the Crusades. Shakspeare ducked the silver locks of poor king Lear, with a very decent tempest; and Washington Irving has bedizened a dozen pages with drowned geese, soaked upper Ben-

jamins, and the everlasting pattering of the rain against the inn windows. Yet notwithstanding these tremendous draughts on the water magazines aloft, there is still a memoir of one damp day to be written,—a rainy Saturday at college.

Reader, if you have never been blessed with the dulcet notes of old Harvard's iron tongue, to awaken your slumbering energies; if you have never counted the fleeting hours for a whole week, hailing each one as the welcome running-footman of that day of liberty and free will; if you have never gazed night after night at the moon in October, until the clouds have pitied her confusion and covered her with a sable blush; in a word, if you have never experienced the anxiety and home-sickness attendant upon a week of coquetting weather, you cannot sympathize with the ennui and blue-devils of a weeping Saturday. Gentle reader, that you may never know in reality the cross-grained feelings of such a day, is the earnest wish of one, to whom an umbrella is an eye-sore, a water-proof hat, a "monstrum horrendum."

It was Friday night. One more enemy only remained to be encountered—a lesson in mechanics. It had been as rich an autumnal day as one would wish for a wedding-day; but alas! when the sun was about to bid the earth "good night," he sunk into a dark bed of clouds, which seemed to say, "it will be my turn tomorrow." The moon, too, my dear, favourite Diana,—to whom I have penned so many baker's dozens of sonnets, she, the ungrateful jade, arose, wearing that vile dingy neck-lace, which she always puts on before rainy weather. All around was dismal, and nature seemed fast putting on her longest face. Well, to bed I go; dream all night. Dream I am turned into a water-bucket, or a tin pail, and clapt under a water spout. Dream that the dinner table is all set; pigs and poultry, plum-puddings and pastry, pears and peaches, all nicely arranged, when, whisk! a deluge washes all away, and a hail-storm of minced salt fish succeeds. Oh! tempora! "Humid'itas regnat." (I quote from a punster.) But, reader, do not cry yet; we have more water in the clouds; not quite ready for your tears. This is only Friday night. This is only imaginary rain; we shall have the reality in the morning.

"Chum! what is that?—can't be a fire to-night, I will bet my nightcap." "It is the prayer bell." "True, we *do* go

to prayers sometimes. I was just swimming across the Hellespont. If they had as much rain in Greece as we have now-a-days, Leander might have learned to paddle the whole length of the Levant. What is the lesson about this morning?" "Suction pumps." "That is 'apropos,' chum. What are you roaring at?" "The wind has turned Joe's umbrella inside out, and he has dropped his Hydraulics into the mud puddle." "That is no dry joke though."

"I say, Sam, that weather-vane has a strange affection for the northeast on Saturdays. Do you think it will clear off to-day?" "No, not this month." "Well, I do not like fickleness." Powers of invention, aid a poor weather-bound wretch in passing this day of sensibility! "Chum, got any books to read?" "Yes; here is a 'Tour to the Lakes,' and 'A Description of Niagara.' Will you have them?" "No, I thank you; quite enough moisture already." "Come in." "What do you want here, you drowned monkey?" "Copy, sir, for the Register." "I have it, chum! I will write the memoirs of a rainy Saturday. Swim up here, in an hour, you amphibious rogue, and you shall have copy enough." The hour is gone. "Copy ready, sir?" "Yes. Carry that to the printer, and tell him the sun will not shine again this fortnight out of spite." Exit water-rat. "Wake me up when the bell rings, chum." Cætera desunt.

P. S. Reader, at half past seven on Saturday evening it cleared off most splendidly.

HISTORICAL SKETCHES OF HARVARD COLLEGE.

—Forsan et hæc olim meminisse juvabit.

We gave in our last number a short sketch of the early history of the college. We now propose to give a brief notice of the several buildings, both those which are now standing, and those which formerly existed.

The first college edifice that was erected, was called Harvard. It stood on the ground occupied by the building which now bears that name. It was built in 1672 by a con-

tribution of £1895. 2s. 9d. Of this sum the town of Boston contributed £800, whereof £100 was given by Sir Thomas Temple, "as true a gentleman," says Cotton Mather, "as ever sat foot on the American strand." The town of Portsmouth gave £60 per annum for seven years. Dover gave £32, and Exeter £10. Harvard Hall contained the library, philosophical apparatus, &c. and one of its rooms was used as a chapel.

Stoughton Hall was erected in 1698, at the charge of Lieut. Governor Stoughton. It stood nearly on a line with Hollis, a little to the south, and made a right angle with the east end of Harvard, and faced westerly. Old Stoughton was built of brick, and contained sixteen chambers, garret chambers included. It was taken down in 1781, having become crazy and untenantable.

Massachusetts Hall was built in 1720, at the charge of the province. It measures one hundred feet by sixty, and has three stories to the roof, the fourth being furnished with Lutheran windows. It contains thirty-two rooms, with two small studies annexed to each room.

Holden Chapel was the gift of Madam Holden, in England, and was built in 1745. It appears to have undergone many alterations, and to have been used for many different purposes. When first erected it was employed as a chapel. Thirty or forty years ago the west end was the college carpenter's shop, and the east was occupied by the faculty of medicine, as a lecture room. In process of time the carpenter's shop was converted into recitation rooms. At length the interior was fitted up anew in its present style, and a sky-light placed on the roof. It is now solely occupied by the departments of medicine and chemistry, and contains the Boylston medical library.

On the night of the 24th of January, 1764, Harvard Hall was burnt to the ground, and its library of five thousand volumes, and a valuable philosophical apparatus, were utterly consumed. The fire was supposed to have begun in a beam under the hearth in the library room, where a fire had been kept for the use of the general court, then sitting in Cambridge, on account of the small-pox in Boston. One Barrett

(a drunken hanger-on of the college, whom many now alive probably remember), used to relate, in his old age, with great glee, that the court was occupied six weeks in endeavouring to discover the manner in which the building caught fire, but without success; but at length they came to the unanimous conclusion, that it was the wood-work which was caught, and not the brick.

Harvard Hall (the present building) was built in 1765. It is one hundred and eight feet by sixty, thirty-eight to the roof. It contains the university library on the second floor, and on the first floor, the philosophical apparatus and the mineral cabinet, and also the models used by the Rumford Professor. It is surmounted by a cupola, and bears the college clock and bell.

Hollis Hall was built in 1764, and was named in honor of Thomas Hollis Esq., a liberal benefactor to the college. It is one hundred and five feet long, forty-four broad, and thirty-two high, and contains thirty-two rooms, with two small studies to each.

In the war of the revolution, the college was removed to Concord, and the buildings were occupied as barracks for the soldiers. A printing press was also set up in old Stoughton.

Stoughton Hall exactly resembles Hollis, and was erected in 1804.

Holworthy Hall (named for a benefactor of the college) was built in 1812, and is one hundred and thirty-eight feet long, thirty-four broad, and thirty-seven high. It contains twenty-four large rooms fronting south; to each one of which is annexed two smaller rooms on the northern side, sufficiently large to serve the double purpose of a study and a bed-room.

University Hall was built in 1814 of Chelmsford granite. It measures one hundred and forty feet by fifty, and is forty feet in height. It contains, above, a chapel, six rooms for lectures and recitations, and two rooms for occasional purposes; on the ground floor are four dining halls, with two kitchens beneath.

The college edifices stand on an inclosed plain of fourteen acres, surrounded by a belt of forest trees and shrubs. The College-house stands without the college yard, and was originally built about 1770 for a private dwelling-house, and was purchased by the corporation about two years afterward.

The College-bath was erected in 1801, at the Brick-wharf, about half a mile above the present one, under the superintendance of Thomas Brattle, Esq. The present Bathing-house was built about twelve years ago. The Botanic Garden is about half a mile west of the Colleges. It contains a professor's house, a gardener's house, a large green-house with many rare exotic plants, and the garden contains a number of foreign and native trees and shrubs.

Harvard Hall at present contains a valuable philosophical apparatus, an extensive collection of minerals, and a library of about thirty thousand volumes.

We hope that the following anecdote of Mr. Hollis will be acceptable to our readers, especially as the devices mentioned may be seen on many of the books in our library. We extract it from the Gentleman's Magazine, for September 1781. "Mr Hollis employed Mr. Pingo to cut a number of emblematical devices, such as the caduceus of Mercury, the wand of Æsculapius, the owl, the cap of liberty, &c.; and these devices were to adorn the backs and sometimes the sides of books. When patriotism animated a work, instead of unmeaning ornaments on the binding, he adorned it with caps of liberty. When wisdom filled the page, the owl's majestic gravity bespoke its contents. The caduceus pointed out the works of eloquence, and the wand of Æsculapius was a signal of good medicine. The different emblems were used on the same book, when possessed of different merits, and to express his disapprobation of the whole or parts of any work, the figure or figures were reversed. Thus each cover exhibited a critique on the book, and was a proof that they were not kept for show, as he must read before he could judge. Read this, ye admirers of gilded books, and imitate."

VACATION.

This college life is all a bore,
All trouble and vexation;
This famous haunt of classic lore,
Disgusts me daily more and more,
There 's nothing like vacation.

And sad it is to take a *screw*
Or *dead* in recitation,
As our best scholars sometimes do,
In Stewart and in Enfield too;
There 's nothing like vacation.

Poor captives of four years, we pass,
From station on to station;
With every term, with every class,
Our troubles but increase, alas!
There 's nothing like vacation.

REGISTER.

ORDER OF PERFORMANCES AT THE EXHIBITION, JULY 16, 1827.

Latin Oration. E. S. Rand, *Newburyport.*

Translations. J. H. Wilder, *Hingham.* C. Fay, *Cambridge.*

Latin Dialogue. S. M. Jenkins, *Easton, Md.* B. R. Curtis, *Cambridge.* J. Giles, *Townsend.*

Literary Inquiry. F. Dabney, *Fayal, Azores.*

Conference. C. F. Barnard, *Boston.* J. W. Cross, *East Bridgewater.* J. J. Gilchrist, *Charlestown, N. H.* J. D. Hedge, *Cambridge.*

Colloquial Discussion. J. Caldwell, *Lunenburg.* J. A. Swett, *Dorchester.*

Forensic Disputation. O. Prescott, *Westford.* G. Nichols, *Salem.*

Dissertation. S. Rogers, *Boston.*

Greek Dialogue. B. Pierce, *Cambridge.* E. L. Cunningham, *Boston.* G. H. Devereux, *Salem.*

English Oration. C. C. Emerson, *Boston.*

ORDER OF PERFORMANCES AT THE EXHIBITION, OCTOBER 16, 1827.

Latin Oration. F. C. Loring, *Boston.*

Conferences. J. S. C. Greene, *Boston.* W. Phillips, *Boston.* N. Thayer, *Braintree.* L. Smith, *Waltham.* T. K. Thomas, *Boston.* J. L. Woart, *Newburyport.*

Translations. C. S. Storrow, *Boston.* *W. W. Sturgis, *Boston.*

Latin Dialogue. W. Young, *Boston.* G. W. Phillips, *Boston.* W. Gray, *Boston.*

Colloquial Discussion. P. Grant, *Boston.* E. Soley, *New York City.*

Deliberative Discussion. H. D. Appleton, *Baltimore, Md.* H. Shipley, *Pepperell.*

Dissertation. H. S. Mc Kean, *Cambridge.*

Greek Dialogue. W. Brigham, *Grafton.* S. F. Smith, *Boston.* J. Thurston, *Exeter, N. H.*

Mathematical and Astronomical Exercises. C. Babbidge, *Salem.* A. H. H. Bernard, *Fredericksburg, Va.* G. Chapman, *Boston.* J. Hale, *Ipswich.* G. Nichols, *Salem.* J. C. Richmond, *Providence, R. I.* R. C. Winthrop, *Boston.*

English Oration. G. S. Hillard, *Boston.*

The music at the above exhibitions was performed by the Pierian Sodality.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

P's communication is inadmissible.

Unless the answer to the mathematical question in No. VII can be given so as to preclude the necessity of a diagram, it will be out of our power to insert it.

*** The impossibility of inserting pieces in the Register anonymously, has been suggested as a reason, why many refrain from contributing. Correspondents may rest assured that *hereafter* no name will be revealed by the editors.

ERRATA.

In our last Number, Notices to Correspondents, for S. G. read S. C.

In this Number, page 263, fourth line from the top, for Count, read Baron.